

Boston, June 20, 1843.

Dear George:

108

Your letters by Mr. Clark and by mail have been duly received. We are now beginning to pack our things, and to turn our household furniture and wares upside down. On Thursday, we shall endeavor to complete the removal of all that belongs to us; leaving what belongs to mother and the sisters subject to your disposal, at the time of your coming. Should we succeed according to our expectations, we shall take the cars for Wilbraham on Friday morning, and hope to see you on the arrival of the stage in Northampton in the afternoon. Possibly, in case of stormy weather, we may not arrive till Saturday, but we shall try to get through on Friday.

As yet, we have not succeeded in finding a suitable girl to go with us, and do not expect to, at this late period. Angelette would be glad to go with us, we have no doubt, but she is a poor washer and ironer, and very slovenly in the performance of her work. You may therefore say to the man, who thinks his wife will answer our purpose, that he had better send for her, and we shall have no difficulty about the wages, provided she fulfils her part of the engagement satisfactorily. We think that nine shillings a week is as high as ought to be allowed, and cannot give more. It is higher wages by 25 cents than is usually given where all the work of a family is to be done, in this quarter. The sooner she comes, the better.

We do not yet know, whether Phebe will go to N., or, if she should, at what time she will be with us, as we have not yet heard definitely from her on the subject. I shall

write to her this afternoon. She has intimated that she should probably wish to stay about a month, but perhaps will be glad to stay longer.

Helen intends bringing with her sheets, pillow-cases, towels, &c. &c.

I do not know how we shall be able to manage with our children, on the score of sleeping. Perhaps George, William and Wendell can all sleep, side wise, in one bed. We shall then want a crib, or something equivalent to it, for Charles. I suppose it can be easily obtained in N.

Mother and Helen wish you to ascertain from the man already alluded to, all that you can respecting ^{his wife's} ~~her~~ capability, disposition, &c.; and to have the bargain so run as to be no longer binding than shall be agreeable to the parties.

Yesterday, Ann had a slight relapse, but feels better to-day. The weather is now really summerish and charming, and already it is reviving to my feelings. I hope my sojourn in N. will not be in vain, in regard to bodily health.

The Bunker Hill pageant is over, and the President has left us for Springfield. There was an immense concourse of people, of course, and the military display was very great, and to my mind very painful. The Masons and Odd Fellows turned out somewhat numerously, as well as audaciously — and so did "the reverend clergymen," and all the embryo priests belonging to Andover Theological Institution. I did not hear Webster, but merely got a glance at him as he stood on the platform. His address is published, but I have not yet had time to read it. I saw Tyler many

times, and heard him speak in reply to an address that was made to him in the town-hall, in Charlestown, yesterday. He is a Virginian — a slaveholder — and no Roman, except his nose, which is wholly and hugely so. He brought with him a slave young man to wait on him — not one of his own slaves, but owned by a relative of his, who, I understand, has been promised his freedom on his return — undoubtedly, to keep him from running away here. Tyler has taken no notice of the letter we sent to him, asking for an interview, to present the Address of the New-England A. S. Convention. He has, in fact, had no time to see us, but it is rather shabby in him not to send us a word in reply. We have got just what we expected from him — nothing; but he has got our Address, and so has the country, and our great purpose is accomplished. His reception here was civil, respectful, decent — nothing more. Last night, Mr. Legare, of his Cabinet, died in the city; so the report is this morning. Judge Simmons, of the Police Court, is also dead. So is Hon. Barker Burnell, of Nantucket. He died in Washington. So perish high and low.

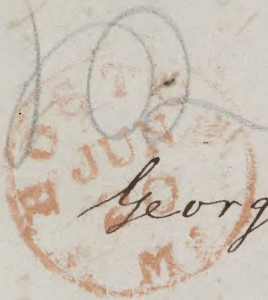
Olive Gilbert leaves us this afternoon, to visit Vermont with a cousin of hers, Mr. Cleveland. She is an excellent woman, and combines in her person many fine qualities. In the fall she expects to visit Northampton.

Hoping to see you on Friday, when we shall be able to discourse about many things, and to find you all well and happy, I remain,

Your affectionate brother in love, as well as in law,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison

Single. Paid.

[Handwritten signature]



George W. Benson,

Northampton,

Mass.

